$1.50 a Year.

AUGUST, 1876.

Vol. I. No. 4.

OUR WORK:

A Christian Educational Monthly.

EDITED BY

MRS. DRUE PURVIANCE WATSON.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

President T. C. SMITH, A. M., Merom, Indiana.

Rev. J. J. SUMMERBELL, A. M., Spring, Pennsylvania.

Prof. B. F. McHENRY, A. M., Eddytown, New York.

CONTENTS.

		Page.
I.	Vacation Trip. *Prof. L. F. Watson*	97
II.	The Late Storm. *Miss V. A. King*	104
III.	Lessons in Zoology. *Prof. D. J. Evans*	106
IV.	The Growth of A Century. *Rev. J. P. Watson*	108
V.	Some Journeys and Walks of Jesus. *J. J. Summerbell*	110
VI.	The Dream-Wheel Utilized. *Mrs. C. H. B. Laing*	112
VII.	Editorial Notes	122
VIII.	Starkey Seminary—Personals and Locals	124
IX.	Proctor Academy—Locals	126
X.	Weaubleau Institute	127
XI.	Publisher's Department	128

UNION CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,

MEROM, INDIANA:

L. F. WATSON, Publisher.

15 Cents a Number.

UNION CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,

MEROM, INDIANA.

Denominational But Not Sectarian.

FACULTY.

Rev. T. C. SMITH, A. M., (U. C. C.) President, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, and Political Economy.

J. HOWARD FORD, A. M., (Oberlin, O.) Professor of Greek.

LORENZO F. WATSON, M. S., (U. C. C.) Professor of Mathematics and Book-keeping.

DAVID J. EVANS, A. M., (Athens, O.) Professor of Latin and Natural Science.

Rev. J. J. SUMMERBELL, A. M., (U. C. C.) Non-Resident Professor of Biblical Instruction.

BENJAMIN C. DAVIS,
Principal of Academic Department, and Professor of Elocution.

Mrs. MARY S. HEATH,
Teacher of Instrumental Music.

Commencement Exercises, June 7, 1876.
Fall Term Commences, September 6, 1876.

EXPENSES PER TERM:

Tuition	$ 6 00 to $ 8 00
Incidentals	2 00 to 2 00
Board	24 00 to 42 00
Books (about)	2 00 to 6 00
Miscellaneous	6 00 to 12 00
Total	$40 00 to $70 00
Instruction on Piano or Organ, extra,	$10 00
Use of Piano or Organ, extra	2 00

By renting a room and self-boarding, the expenses are made still less.

Thorough courses of study, superior apparatus and cabinet, a small but well selected library, and an excellent reading-room, well conducted literary societies, a faculty of large experience and ability, a quiet, moral town, beauty of situation, and not over-crowded classes, recommend

UNION CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

to all, especially to the Christians, by whom it was builded and endowed.

Business letters should be addressed to IRA DENNEY, Sec'y.; all other communications to the president.

Catalogues free. Correspondence solicited. Address

T. C. SMITH, Pres't,
Merom, Sullivan Co., Ind.

P. S.—Tuition for one term is offered as a premium, by the publisher of OUR WORK, for a club of ten subscribers. A club of one hundred subscribers, sent within three months, will entitle the agent to a certificate good for tuition, board, room-rent, fuel, and books for one term.

PROCTOR ACADEMY,

ANDOVER, N. H.

(*Late Christian Institute.*)

This academy is pleasantly and centrally located in the village of Andover, N. H., on the Northern New Hampshire Railroad, and hence is easy of access at all times.

Rev. ALVA H. MORRILL, A. M.,
PRINCIPAL.
Miss MARY A. ROWELL,
PRECEPTRESS.
Miss CYNTHIA A. DOLLOFF,
MUSIC.
Miss MARTHA B. WOODBURY,
ASSISTANT.

Board reasonable. Rooms for self-boarders.

Tuition—$5 50 to $10 00 per term.
THREE COURSES OF STUDY.
For particulars address
REV. A. H. MORRILL, A. M.,
Principal.

P. S.—Free tuition can be gained by getting up clubs for OUR WORK. Address the publishers.

WEAUBLEAU CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE.

FOR BOTH SEXES.

This Institute is located in the south west part of Hickory County Mo. The curriculum embraces four departments: Preparatory, Academic, Musical, and Commercial. A two year's course in Latin and Greek is given. The school is situated in a healthy rural district, and in the midst of an intelligent and moral community. The school year is divided into three terms, of twelve weeks each. The Spring Term of 1876 begins March 20th. Tuition, $2.50 per month, or $7.00 per term. Instruction in instrumental music, $10 per term. Board, $2 per week. For particulars address,

Rev. J. WHITAKER, Principal,
Weaubleau City, Hickory County, Mo.

P. S.—A club of 10 subscribers to OUR WORK secures free tuition one term.

STARKEY SEMINARY,

At Eddytown, Yates Co., N. Y.,

Has now in successful operation the following departments: Scientific and Classical—embracing a Preparatory Course, Academic Course, and College Preparatory Course. Musical—offering as facilities for practice the use of five pianos and an organ. Drawing and Painting—having an Art room furnished with casts and models.

The rates of tuition are low. Excellent facilities for board are provided. Students can, at pleasure, board in the Boarding Department, or cook their own food in their rooms. For further information or the engagement of rooms address

B. F. MCHENRY, A. M.

P. S.—A club of 25 subscribers to OUR WORK secures free tuition for one term (14 weeks.)

OUR WORK.

VOL. I. AUGUST, 1876. NO. 4.

A VACATION TRIP.

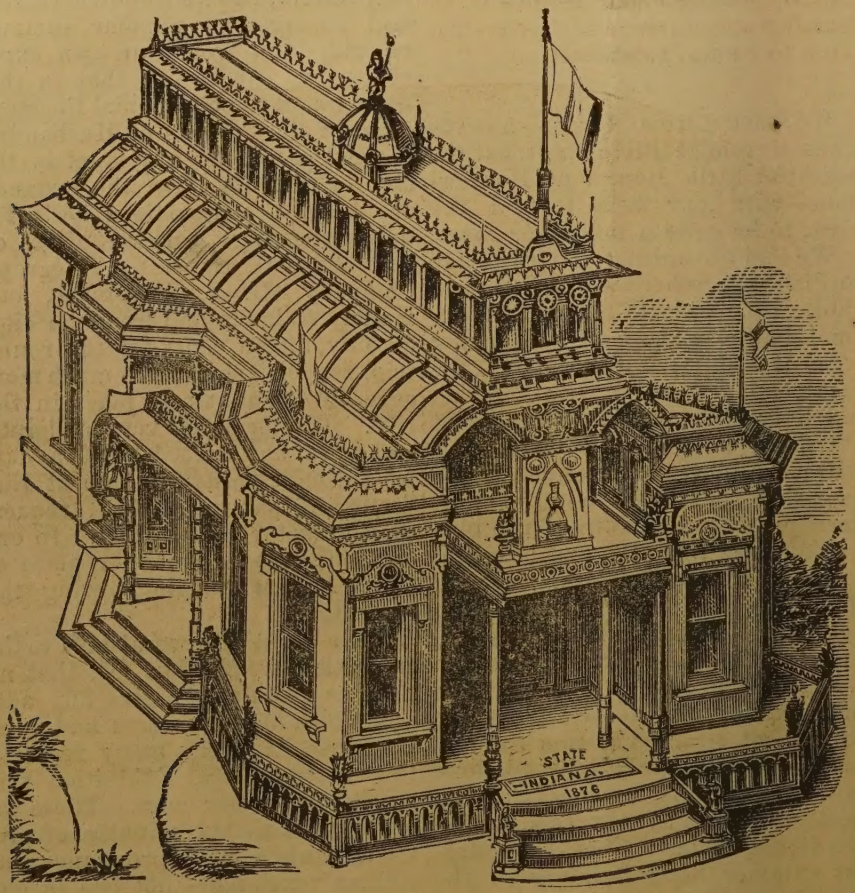
BY L. F. WATSON.

We started from Merom—not the Lake Merom of Bible lands, but the beautiful little Merom of Hoosierdom—with our faces toward the East, to be gone a month or more.

We had an uninteresting passage to Pittsburg, where we tarried for a short time, breathing its stifling, smoky atmosphere, and swallowing some of its invigorating coffee. We resume our journey with the fact indelibly fixed in our mind, that Pittsburg is a smoky place. We will not attempt to describe our trip over the Alleghanies, nor the wanderings along the banks of the blue Juniata, nor the quiet and beautiful scenes of the Susquehanna, for all this is as familiar to every living being in the United States as pictures of the Main Building on the Centennial grounds. We pause in our journey at the Grangers' encampment, situated at Elm Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, three miles west of the International Exposition grounds. At this station the Grangers have erected the largest summer hotel building in the world, containing over 1,200 rooms, and capable of handsomely entertaining 4,000 persons daily. The rooms are nicely furnished, walls papered, and the doors provided with lock and key. The dining-room is capable of seating over 1,000 guests at a time, and is under the immediate supervision of Mr. Martin, the well-known caterer and manager of popular summer resorts; and, from our own experience, we can testify that in this department the Centennial Encampment of the Patrons of Husbandry is unsurpassed by any hotel in the city or vicinity. On the grounds are located commodious halls for public meetings, parlors, offices of the Adams Express. Telegraph Company, U. S. Post-office, etc. Hourly trains to and from the city, at only fifteen cents for the round trip, render a stay there much more agreeable than at any place in the city. The terms are very moderate, and need not exceed $1.50 a day. All through trains will stop at Elm Station if passengers will request the conductor to that effect. In our opinion there is no better place at which to stop while viewing the exhibition.

After devoting several days to the exposition, we can but feel that no pen has given or can give any adequate idea of its vastness and completeness. In very many respects, this International Exhibition surpasses all former ones. Those familiar with all the minutiæ of previous world's fairs, pronounce our edifices "exemplars not less in elegance and elaboration than in completeness for their practical purposes, in adaptation, and in capacity. The Main Building strikes the eye, at an angle of vision proper to its extent, more pleasingly than either of the English or French structures; while for massiveness and dignity, Memorial Hall has had no

"rival." The grounds are peculiarly adapted to the purpose intended. Its knolls are ornamented with the trees that once shaded revolutionary statesmen; and not far away, the city contains the Hall of Independence, the bones of Franklin, and the cottage of Penn. The broad and smooth plain nearest the city gives the site for the two great buildings—the Main Building and Machinery Hall—with a sloping side for the Art Gallery. Back of the wild and beautiful Lansdowne ravine, spanned by an elegant bridge, stand Horticultural Hall and the Agricultural Building, whose dimensions and area are familiar in every American home. To the left stands another large and important building, owned and controlled by the United States Government, and second to none in its interesting contents. Two hundred other buildings, occupied by officers, commissioners, states, etc., go to make up this wonderful centennial city within the inclosure. These large structures are all works of art indeed, fit blossoms of the Independent Century-plant.



INDIANA BUILDING.

A thousand papers, all over the

land, are now busily employed in describing the contents of the large buildings, much to the neglect of the modest ones. While we allowed ourselves sufficient time to view the articles in all of the buildings, yet it is our intention to speak in this article more particularly of the attractions to be found in some of the smaller structures, and the instruction to be derived therefrom.

GLASS HOUSE.

In the southwest section of the grounds, close to the tall fence that incloses the grounds, are most of the State Buildings. At the head stands Ohio—the only stone state building; next to it is Indiana, our headquarters during the stay. On the right of the walk, leading to the building, are huge pieces of rock from the different quaries of the state; on the left is a walnut log, six feet or more in diameter, from the house of Williamson & Co., Indianapolis, and specimens of block coal from several different counties of the state. At the left of the entrance is the reception room, where is kept the "Book of Register" for visitors. The desire for fame on the part of the traveling public has led the state agent to post, in a conspicuous place, "This register is intended only for Indianians." In the center of the room, one naturally rests very comfortably in a rustic chair, composed of one hundred kinds of wood grown in Elkhart County, and made by J. K. Lautzenhiser, of Goshen, Indiana. Smiling down upon us from the wall is George Fruits' face. From the suspended paper we learn that George Fruits is still living in Ripley Township, Montgomery County, Indiana, at the ripe old age of

113 years, with his wife whom he married over seventy years ago. He voted for our first president—George Washington—and has not missed a presidential election since. On the right of the entrance is the office of the state agent. In the center is the Assembly Hall. It is in the form of an irregular cross, and has about 1,400 feet of floor. From the level of the ceilings of the side rooms it is spanned by an arched roof twenty-four feet above center, supporting the rotunda above. On the walls are some two hundred tablets, used by the counties and cities for general statistics. The middle rear room is for baggage; on the left is the ladies' toilet room; and on the right is the reading-room, containing cases for all of the papers and magazines of the state. We here found, in the middle row of the case to the right of the door, the last number of "OUR WORK." The toilet room, for gentlemen, is in the rear of this room. The building is a place where any citizen of the state may feel at home to write letters, to entertain friends, or to dispatch business. From the outside it does not present a very neat appearance—its dirty brown color and odd shape contrasting unfavorably with the white cottage of Illinois on one side, and the light stone mansion of Ohio on the other.

Just opposite the Indiana building, we take passage on the narrow-guage railroad for the Glass Works of Gillender & Sons, situated at the extreme of the southwest section of the grounds. The building is large and well lighted, and is one of the few manufacturing industries represented in actual working order. Here glass melting, blowing and manufacturing, is exhibited in all of its branches. Just in front of the main entrance is the large chimney, at the base of which are openings showing the fluid glass within; a little to the right is the blast, and further back in the oven where the articles are tempered. To the rear are the salerooms, where all articles manufactured in the building are exposed for sale at common prices. Names and designs are cut on any of the articles for a small price, in the presence of the visitors. The manufacture of salt-cellars, tumblers, jelly dishes, etc., is easy work. Moulds are prepared in which the melted glass is dropped and pressed; after removing it from the moulds, they only require a little touching up and smoothing, which is done with wooden paddles, to make them ready for the oven. To make a lamp chimney, the blower takes in his hands a hollow iron rod about one inch in diameter and five feet long, and plunges one end into the molten mass of glass at the base of the flue; in drawing the rod out he allows enough glass to remain on the end as is required to make the size of chimney designed. The rod is now rolled in the hand; and by means of a large two-pronged fork, between the prongs of which the cooling-glass revolves, it is drawn out in the proper shape. The chimney is increased in diameter by blowing in this hollow rod. When it is of the proper size the extreme end is cut off and smoothed up; it is then severed from the rod and placed in a pair of grippers, when the base is smoothed by revolving the glass with one hand against a wooden paddle held firmly against it and within it by the other hand. This house is always full of visitors, and the proprietors find no trouble in selling their goods.

We next visit the Japanese building, which has excited more curiosity and received more favorable comment than any other building

on the ground. Not a nail or screw was used in any part of this beautiful and substantial two-story structure. In addition to this building, which is the private residence of the Japanese Commissioners, a store has been built, where very many of their peculiar articles are offered for sale at rather extravagant prices. These two buildings do very much in making us acquainted with the menage of that old country. With their double window-shades of light bamboo, they dispense with glass entirely. By a skillful use of dovetails and wooden pins, they have no occasion to use hatchet, nail, or screw; and with saw and plane, worked in directions precisely reversed from ours, they have succeeded in making buildings that are models of strength and beauty.

JAPANESE BUILDING.

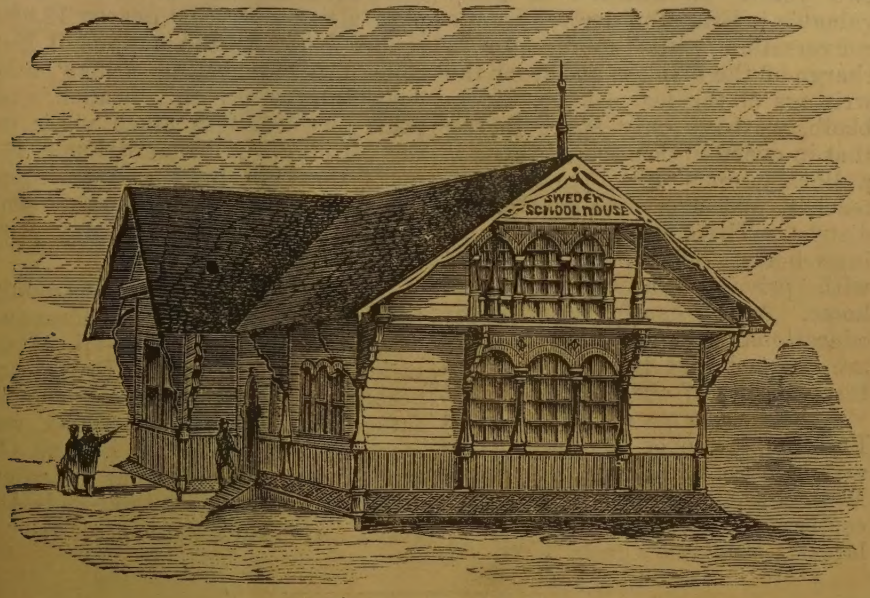
It was probably not a work of chance that in the neatly polished Swedish school-house, that stands just across the walk from the Japanese Bazar, we have such a marked meeting of antipodes. The sturdy Northeners have proudly placed in

contrast to backward Asia a specimen of her interest in progress. Of late years Sweden has been doing much for education. The school-house is composed entirely of hard polished wood, so put together as to hide all appearance of nail or screw. The joining is so cleverly done that no seams are visible. It was erected entirely by Swedish carpenters, from their native wood. The vestibule contains hooks and pegs, mats and rugs, and other conveniences. In the room, on the right, are arranged models and drawings of school buildings, samples of pupils' work, consisting of drawings, carvings in wood, maps, mittens, scarfs, books, etc. In the center of the room is Theorell's Printing Meteorograph, by means of which meteorological observations are registered on paper by electrical currents. Of the six tabular columns, the first gives the hours; the second, the velocity of the wind; the third, the direction of the same; the fourth, the temperature; the fifth, the degree of humidity, according to August's method; and the sixth, the atmospheric pressure, which is given in millimetres. The degrees of the thermometer employed are those of the centigrade scale, and negative degrees are expressed by their complements of 100. The direction of the wind is indicated by figures from 1 to 32. The numbers expressing the velocity of the wind signify metres in a second. The steel wires in the barometer and in both the thermometers are connected, each by its respective system of brass wheels, with numerical types engraved on the edges in such a manner that the rotation of the wheels causes an upward or downward motion of the steel wires, so that the point of the scale on which the lower extremity of the wire is situated is necessarily that indicated by the number appearing at the same moment uppermost on the corresponding wheels. The two other brass wheels with engraved figures are likewise combined by means of electric currents, with the above-named metal knobs in the weather-cock and the anemometer, in such a manner that the figure, which is uppermost on the periphery of the wheels at the moment it is about to be registered, indicates the direction of the wind at the same moment and its mean force during the preceding quarter of an hour. As the clock, which determines the time of the observations, does not require winding up, the instrument itself restoring the tension of the mainspring every quarter of an hour, it continues going as long as the impellent force, i. e., the electric current is maintained; and as the slip of paper applied lasts for fully three months, it is clear that that is the period for which the instrument may be left to itself. The work then requisite is little more than taking out, cutting, and sewing up in order the paper of observations, and replacing it by another slip. Thus we see that this instrument requires but very little time and labor from the person who takes charge of it.

There are two rooms on the left of the entrance—one for the school-room proper, the other a small room for the private office of the teacher. In the school-room is shown the most excellent, yet to us somewhat odd, school furniture. Numeral frames, multiplication stick and blackboard, objects, maps, and varied school apparatus, are around the room. It was the design at one time to keep school here during the summer, with genuine Swedish youths of both sexes and teachers brought over for that pur-

pose, but the project has been abandoned.

In Sweden the schools are national, under the supreme management of the king, aided by forty-nine inspectors, each appointed for a term of five years. The schooling of the children generally begins with their seventh year, and lasts until the fourteenth. By the age of nine, if the child has had no instruction, it then becomes compulsory. If the parents are not able, through poverty, to dispense with the child's labors, the country pays for the time the child is in school. If the parents are obstinate in the matter, the children are placed in other hands, and educated at the expense of their parents. The time of instruction is from five to six hours a day, with intermissions between the hours. The school year is nine months, divided into three or four terms. The branches taught are history, geography, geometry, drawing, religion, cipher-



SWEDISH SCHOOL-HOUSE.

ing, reading, writing, singing, gardening, and gymnastics. The compulsory-educated children are, however, only required to pass an examination in reading, religious knowledge necessary for confirmation, writing, counting, and singing, if the child has an ear for music. No teacher is hired for the *common* national schools (there are *higher* national schools) unless he or she is of twenty-one years of age, and has gone through a seminary. The salary is provided by law to be not less than 500 krona-pieces, equal to $139 gold, and thirty-six bushels of grain. In addition to this, every male or female teacher shall have a good room, furnished with apartments and fuel, and, besides, a piece of land for raising vegetables. After five years faithful service, the salary is raised to the amount of $167 gold a year. At the age of sixty, the teacher retires with a pension. Besides these *common* and higher national schools, there are

normal schools, schools for the deaf, dumb, and blind, universities, elementary schools, and technical schools. In the last three mentioned, the course is extensive, equal, if not superior, to our best colleges. There is, also, a Forest Institute, established at Stockholm, for the purpose of imparting knowledge in reference to the cultivation of forests, and giving an insight in huntsmanship. The course lasts two years. In addition to other valuable information derived from a conversation with the director in charge of the display, and from the writings of the learned Dr. Sidenbladh, we have only space to say that in every higher school there is a library open alike to student, teacher, and every resident of the district. There are, also, no boarding-schools. Scholars must board with private families or live at home. After a careful study of the educational system of Sweden, we are satisfied that it has many features worthy of our imitation.

At the eastern end of the Main Building, just over the entrance, is arranged the educational display of Massachusetts, which, with the exception of Pennsylvania, is the largest; Indiana comes next, followed closely by New York and Ohio. The position and space assigned to the display is very poor, Massachusetts occupying the gallery at the east entrance, and the other states the gallery at the south entrance. Pennsylvania being dissatisfied with the space, erected at her own expense, in addition to the princely donation of a million and a half of dollars to the Main Building, erected a very large building to be used for her educational display alone, covering nearly 12,000 square feet. All the nations of Europe are manifesting a new and deep interest in this branch, and press forward with much vigor in the display. A commissioner reports that "in bulk and in completeness, it is immeasurably beyond the display made on any preceding occasion."

After two or three weeks among the hills of the Tohickon, Paunaucussing, and Cuttalossa—all tributaries of the Delaware River—an account of which we reserve for a future number of OUR WORK, we start for home over the B. and O. road, when we add our verdict with the hundreds of thousands already given, that "*it is a great show.*"

THE LATE STORM.

Read as a Graduating Exercise at Starkey Seminary, by Miss V. A. King of, Bennington, Vermont.

Bright is the morn—how calm and fair!
How marvelous by its stillness, all the air;
A calm, deep peace o'er vale and dell
Hovers as if by magic spell.

Calm and deep peace on yonder hill,
Where warbling birds and sparkling rills
Waft gentle music through the air—
As soft as breath of song or prayer.

The silver mists that wreathe and lift
Their filmy robes in golden rifts
Above the lakelet's placid breast,
Bespeak not turmoil nor unrest.

The earth awakes and greets the morn
With beauteous drapery thus adorned;
The sun his broad disk wheels on high,
And tints with gold the azure sky.

But see, uplifted from yon western hills,
A fleecy whiteness spreads, and fills
The heavens with wild, fantastic shapes
That in a thousand ripples breaks.

And from the changeful volume, darts
A swift, lurid flash; and upstarts,
In awful form, a frowning wall
Of dusky blackness, like a pall;—

Rolls on in sullen majesty
Athwart the dark'ning canopy,
And hangs, a threat'ning vengeful gloom,
More solemn than the knell of doom.

All nature paused, in voiceless dread;
While higher, further, swifter sped
The mighty, bold, and wrathful foe
That brought to earth such sudden woe.

The angry clouds rolled up the hight,
And bellowing thunders chased their flight;
Swift, lurid lightnings blazed on high,
And gleamed along the inky sky.

A long, low moan swept o'er the wave,
That awed the seaman bold and brave;
O'er earth a frowning shadow crept,
And nature bowed her head and wept.

The air grew hot, and dim, and dead;
The wild things to their coverts fled;
The storm-cloud burst in awful power,
And torrents dashed on cot and tower.

Wild burst the wind; on rushed the blast,
While thunders rolled and lightnings flashed;
The forest cracked; the waters curled,
And ruin swept along the world.

Still on the mighty tempest crashed,
And all things living stood aghast;
The mountains shook from cliff to cliff,
And raging torrents, wild and swift,

Dashed down the steep majestic hight,
Terrific in their furious flight,
And madly hurled o'er land and sea—
Destruction's withering revelry.

The storm king passed; the tumult ceased;
The mists uplifted from the east
Adown the smoking hillside swept,
And o'er the lakelet's bosom crept.

The sunlight flickered o'er the wave,
And bathed in light the seaman's grave;
It scattered brightness o'er the lea,
And trembled through the wild wood tree.

But see, along the storm fiend's path,
Are flung the trophies of his wrath:
The domeless church, the roofless cot,
The prostrate oak, the shattered rock.

The frightened cattle trembling stood,
Awed by the grandeur of the flood;
The voiceless birds their pinions spread,
And swiftly to the woodland fled.

Oh God, how could thy vengeance light
Thus blightingly on earth so bright?
How could the hand that gave such charms
Snatch them again from nature's arms?

Oh, but to feel that God is love;
To feel that though, no tongue can prove
That every cloud that spreads above,
And vaileth love, itself is love;

To feel that all things which have been,
And are, and will be to the end,
Our joys, our sorrows, hopes and fears,
Our dreams of bliss through endless years,

All earthly good, all earthly ill,
That e'er our changeful lives may fill,
Are dreams of brightness from above—
Emblems of God's unchanging love.

LESSONS IN ZOOLOGY.

BY PROF. D. J. EVANS.

The branch vertebrates contains five classes. These are mammals, birds, reptiles, batrachians, and fishes. These, in the order of being, stand as named, mammals being the highest.

The chief distinction between a mammal and all other animals is, that it brings forth its young alive, and nourishes it with milk from its own body. It has also an internal skeleton divided into three distinctly marked parts—the head, trunk, and extremities.

All animals of this class are furnished with four organs of locomotion, corresponding to the legs and arms of man. But in some, as the whale, these are only partly developed. All mammals breathe by means of lungs. Their blood is warm, and forced into the different parts of the body by a double heart. Each heart has two divisions; one division in the right heart receives the impure blood from the veins, the other division of the right heart impels the same blood to the lungs; while the corresponding divisions of the left heart receive the pure blood from the lungs, and impel the same to the different parts of the body. Nearly all mammals are furnished with vocal organs.

The class may be divided into two sub-classes, viz.: Viviparous and semi-viviparous. The first vivip- arous contains five orders, as fol- lows: Two-handed (bimana), four- handed (quadrumana), four-foote (quadrupeda), arm-winged (chei roptera, and mutilated (mutilata).

The mutilata are distinguished fo imperfectly developed organs c locomotion.

The order of quadrupeds is divid

ed into the sub-orders, carnivora, herbivora, rodentia, insectivora, and edentata. These are classified with reference to the teeth and habit.

The second class of the first branch comprises birds. A bird is the animal clothed with feathers. It is furnished with a bill, immovable eyes with three eyelids, and a long neck, containing twelve vertebrae. The flexibility and length of the neck enable the bird to touch with its bill any part of the body. The trunk admits of no motion in its different parts. The breast-bone is the largest bone in the body. The muscles which move the wings are attached to the breast-bone; and as the wings are the chief organs of locomotion, they require great muscular power, and the muscles require correspondingly large surface of attachment. The great extent of the breast-bone meets this demand.

In birds that are continually on the wing, the breast-bone is comparatively larger than in the birds which seldom fly. The long bones of birds are hollow; the blood is warm, and circulation, as in the mammal, is double.

The plumage is made water-proof by an oil that is secreted by a gland situated at the root of the tail. Birds moult their feathers twice a year. The adult male usually has the more brilliant plumage. The respiratory apparatus is very extensive. The air fills not only the lungs, but also the cells in all parts of the body and the cavities of the bones. Thus the structure of the bone, and the many air-cavities, render the bird lighter than other animals of the same size.

The wing of the bird corresponds to the hand of man, and like it is divided into the arm, forearm, and hand. The quills which grow on the hand are called *primaries;* those on the forearm *secondaries,* and those on the arm *tertiaries.* The muscles that move the toes are so situated on the leg that the weight of the body, as the bird rests on the branch, draws the toes together, and the bird unintentionally fastens itself on its perch as it sleeps.

The birds have three stomachs. The first, the *crop*, is an enlargement of the œsophagus. The second secretes a fluid which moistens and partially dissolves the food. The third, or *gizzard*, is the stomach in which digestion is completed. The brain is comparatively larger than in other animals. The eyes are so constructed that objects far and near can be seen with equal facility. If the bill of a young chick is, as soon as hatched, examined, it will be seen to terminate with a horny point. This enables the chick to break the shell of the egg when it is ready to emerge. The young of every bird is furnished with a similar arrangement.

Most birds build nests, and the skill which some species manifest in building is worthy of special consideration, and will be mentioned in a future lesson.

This class is divided into the following orders, seven in number, viz.: Birds of prey, climbers, perchers, scratchers, runners, waders, and swimmers.

The third class is reptiles. It comprises cool-blooded animals covered with scales. They lay their eggs on the land, and their young are like the adult. The heart has two auricles and one ventricle. The right auricle as in mammals and birds, receives the impure blood from the body; the left auricle receives the pure blood from the lungs, and the ventricle receives the blood from the auricles and impels it, a part to the lungs and a part to the body. Thus the blood is cold and impure, and the reptile requires, for its

comfort, less air than the mammal or bird requires, and can live sometime totally deprived of air. The brain is comparatively small, and after its removal the reptile is capaple of voluntary motion.

The heart will pulsate for hours after being separated from the body, and the animal, heartless, will move around for some time. The orders of this class, are: Turtles, lizzards, and serpents.

The fourth class of vertebrates contains animals that are cool-blooded, without scales, and lay their eggs in the water. The young are hatched in an immature condition, and, like fish, live in the water, and breathe by means of gills. Afterward they undergo various changes, acquire the adult form, and breathe with lungs. The heart has one auricle and one ventricle. The orders of this class are: Tailed, tailless, and footless batrachians.

In our next we will describe the fifth class.

RECAPITULATION OF CLASSIFICATION.

Branch, Class, Sub-class, Orders, Sub-orders.

VERTEBRATA.

1. MAMMALS. — *Viviparous* — Limana, quadrumana, cheiroptera, quadrupeda, mutilata, carnivora, herbivora, rodentia, insectivora, and edentata.

Semi-viviparous—Marsupials, monotremata.

2. BIRDS.—Preying birds, climbing birds, perching birds, scratching birds, running birds, wading birds, and swimming birds.

3. REPTILES.—Turtles, lizzards, and serpents.

4. BATRACHIANS.—Anoura (tailless), urodela (tailed), and caecilians.

(To be continued.)

THE GROWTH OF A CENTURY.

BY REV. J. P. WATSON.

If pride is encouraged by revelation, in any one direction, it is in behalf of country. The Israelites boasted of their goodly heritage, and rejoiced over their pleasant land. A chief reason for rejoicing must have been in the fact that God gave it to them. Surely they found not a better land than that they left, and if in any sense like that of Palestine of to-day, they had comparatively little to boast over. The glory of Palestine was more in its situation than in its soil. Its soil, doubtless, like that of Egypt, was more productive three thousand years ago than now. In situation, Palestine was delightful. It really held the key to Asia, Africa, and Europe, and was the grand natural center of the world.

The Romans were proverbially proud of their land, while the Swiss are said sometimes to die of a broken heart, when finally and forever separated from their mountain homes. The Ethiopian will tell you that *God* made his sands and deserts, while *angels only* were detailed to form the rest of the world. The Maltese, insulated on a rock, distinguish their island as the "Flower of the World." The Japanese will not be induced to quit the tombs of their fathers, so great is their affection for their native land. The Norwegians inscribe their rix dollars with, "Spirit, loyalty, valor, and whatever is honorable, let the world learn from the rocks of Norway." The Irish delight in Old Erin, the Scotch in their native Caledonia, the French in their sunny clime, and the Germans in their fatherland.

Thus pride of country seems instinctive, and thus justifiable. It is

indeed the spring of patriotism, and the grand incentive to general improvement.

While we would heartily commend this wonderful and universal love for, and pride in, one's country, we justly think that we, more than any other nation, have reason for indulging this sentiment. A brief review of our growth, for the past century, in some two or three points, will show ample cause for this.

In 1783, when our independence was conceded by England, our territorial area consisted of 815,615 square miles. From France, in 1803, we acquired 930,928 square miles, more than doubling our area; from Spain, in 1821, an extension of 59,268 square miles; from Mexico, in 1845, 247,504 square miles; in 1846, from Mexico, 280,425 square miles; in 1847, from Mexico, 649,762 square miles; by treaty with England, in 1854, 27,500; and from Russia, in 1867, 577,390 square miles.

This gives us a grand total, for the first century, of 3,578,392 square miles. This is an annual average growth of 28,686 square miles for the ninety-three years of our independence as acknowledged by the mother country; and a daily growth of over seventy-eight square miles, or a territory one third larger than that of the District of Columbia. Of this vast area we have taken over 1,100,000 square miles from Mexico alone, leaving her but 773,144 square miles, and with Central America, less than 950,000 square miles. We now have four-ninths of North America, and one-fifteenth of the land surface of the globe. We are fifteen times as large as Austria, and seventeen times as large as France. Japan has but 149,399 square miles, while California has 188,981 sqare miles. Germany has but 204,000 square miles, while Texas could spare a territory as large as Portugal, and another as large as Massachusetts, and still be the equal of France. Montana could spare a West Virginia and then be equal to Great Britain. Nevada could yield a slice equal to Delaware and then be greater than Italy. Ohio is larger than Holland, Denmark and Belgium combined, and could afford better support for their 12,000,000 of inhabitants. Alaska is as large as Austria, France, Spain, and Great Britain combined. Truly, God has given us a country of most wonderful magnitude, and, territorially, a high rank among the nations of earth.

In the direction of *population*, our growth has been quite as wonderful. From 2,750,000 in 1776, we had increased to some 38,500,000 in 1870, while the population, at the some ratio of increase, would now be about 46,000,000. Following the same ratio, we shall have 90,000,000 in 1900, and 360,000,000 in 1976. The growth of our population, for each of the eight decades of the census, has been an average of about 33 per cent., or an annual average increase of $3\frac{1}{8}$ per cent., while that of France has been but one-third of one per cent. for the last seventy years. For the one hundred years, the actual annual increase has been about 360,000, and the daily about 1,000. In 1870 there were 5,500,000 foreign born enrolled as citizens, and 5,324,768 more whose father, mother, or both, were foreign. Of this foreign element 33 per cent. was Irish, 30 per cent. German, 11 English and Welsh, 9 British American, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ Swedes, Norwegians and Danes. The center of population in 1790 was 22 miles east of Baltimore, and in 1870, 42 miles northeast of Cincinnati, showing an advance, nearly west, for 80 years, of 399 miles;

for each decade, 50 miles; for each year, 5 miles; and for each day, nearly 35 feet.

Our *moral* growth has been quite as gratifying as our territorial and numerical progress. This, however, may not be as exactly measured by statistical information.

In 1800 there was one church-member for 10 5-6 of inhabitants; in 1832, one for 7 $\frac{1}{3}$; in 1843, one for 5 $\frac{1}{6}$; in 1850, one for 5; and in 1860, one for 4 2-5. The increase of church-membership has been two and one-half times greater than that of population. God helping us, we can hold the fort yet a little longer for him in America. In 1777 we had 950 church edifices, and in 1870, 72,000. Before September, 1808, no denomination of America, or the world, had published a religious newspaper. In that year, the Christians, with Elder Elias Smith for editor, published the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, now published by the Christians at Dayton, Ohio.

In 1870 there were in the United States 407 religious papers, with an aggregate circulation of 4,764,358 copies. So surely as God's word will not return to him void, so surely blessed results must follow from these mighty, moral agencies. In 1776 there was not a Sunday-school in America, while now we have not less than 100,000. Fifty-nine years ago the American Bible Society was organized, since which time they have published 33,000,000 copies of the Bible. The Bible, at the Centennial, may be seen in two hundred different languages, and for the blind, it is printed in seventy different languages. America, at least, has a large share in this blessed work, and thereby, and in many other ways, shows to the world some blessed indications of her moral progress. God bless our native land, and lead our hosts forever.

SOME JOURNEYS AND WALKS OF JESUS.

ARRANGED FOR BIBLE CLASS LESSONS, BY J. J. SUMMERBELL.

From heaven to earth. John i. 1–14.

From Bethlehem to Egypt. Matt. ii. 1–15.

From Egypt to Nazareth. Matt. ii. 16–23.

From Nazareth to Jerusalem and back again. Luke ii. 42–52.

From Nazareth to the Jordan. Matt. iii. 13–17.

From the Jordan to the "Wilderness." Matt. iv. 1–11.

From the "Wilderness" to the Jordan. John i. 29–42.

Departure from the Jordan for Galilee. John i. 43–51.

From Cana to Capernaum. John ii. 1–12.

From Capernaum to Jerusalem. John ii. 13–25.

From Jerusalem into the "land of Judea." John iii. 22–36.

From Judea to Samaria. John iv. 1–14.

From Samaria to Galilee, to Cana. John iv. 43–54.

(Retirement, or break), to Jerusalem. John v. 1–9.

Jesus goes to Galilee, and abandons Nazareth, as a residence, for Capernaum. Matt. iv. 12–16.

First tour through Galilee. Mark i. 35–39.

Return to Capernaum. Mark ii. 1–12.

Walk by the sea-side and return to the house. Mark 2. 13–22.

An apparently formal withdrawal to the Sea of Galilee. Mark iii. 1–12.

Into the "Mount." Luke vi. 12–26.

Return to Capernaum. Luke vii. 1–10.

From Capernaum to Nain. Luke vii. 11–18.

Second tour through Galilee. Luke viii. 1–3.

Probable return to Capernaum. Mark iii. 22–35.

To the sea-side. Mark iv. 1–13.

"Across" the Sea of Galilee. Mark iv. 30–41.

Landing in the country of the Gadarenes. Mark v. 1–17.

Return to Capernaum—to the house of Matthew. Mark v. 18–20, and Mark ii. 15–22.

To house of Jairus. Mark v. 21–43.

Probable return to his own residence. Matt. ix. 27–34.

To Nazareth and the villages. Mark vi. 1–6.

To the "desert" place on the eastern side of the sea, near that Bethsaida. John vi. 1–14.

Across the sea again to the land of Gennesaret. John vi. 15–21. See Matt. xiv. 34.

To Capernaum. John vi. 22–59.

To the "coasts" of Tyre and Sidon. Matt. xv. 21–28.

Thence near to the Sea of Galilee, *via* Decapolis; thence to coasts of Magdala and Dalmanutha. Matt. xv. 29–39.

Across the sea again to Bethsaida upon the eastern side. Mark viii. 13–26.

To Cesarea Philippi. Mark viii. 27–38.

Into Mount of Transfiguration. Mark ix. 2–10.

Descent from the Mount. Mark ix. 11–29.

Thence through Galilee, and to Capernaum. Mark ix. 30–32, and Matt. xvii. 22–27.

To Jerusalem. John vii. 2–10.

Into the temple. John vii. 14–31.

Unto the Mount of Olives. John vii. 37–53, and John viii. 1.

Into the temple. John viii. 2–11.

Escape from the temple. John viii. 51–59.

In passing by, Jesus saw a blind man. John ix. 1–7.

Finds him again. John ix. 35-38.

BREAK IN NARRATIVE.

From Galilee toward Jerusalem. Matt. xix. 1, and Luke ix. 51–56.

Into the house to dine with the Pharisee. Luke xi. 37–54.

Heals a woman in the synagogue. Luke xiii. 10–17.

Still onward toward Jerusalem. Luke xiii. 18–35.

Through Bethany. Luke x. 38-42.

Reaches Jerusalem, but escapes again. Beyond Jordan. John x. 22-42.

Into a chief Pharasee's house to eat bread on the Sabbath day. Luke xiv. 1-11.

From beyond Jordan to Bethany to the grave of Lazarus. John xi. 11-44.

To a city called Ephraim. John xi. 47-57.

Via border line of Samaria and Galilee toward Jerusalem. Luke xvii. 11-19.

Through Jericho. Luke xviii. 35-43, and Luke xix. 1.

To house of Zaccheus. Luke xix. 2-11.

To Bethany. John xii. 1-9.

To Jerusalem and back to Bethany. Mark xi. 1-11.

To Jerusalem and back to Bethany. Mark xi. 12-19.

To Jerusalem. The temple. Mark xi. 20-33.

From temple to Mount of Olives. Matt. xxiv. 1-14.

At Simon's house at Bethany. Matt. xxvi. 1-13.

Into Jerusalem. Mark xiv. 12-21.

To Gethsemane. Mark xiv. 26-42.

From the garden to meet Judas. John xviii. 2-12.

To house of Annas, and to the high priest's palace. John xviii. 13-24.

To Pilate's hall. Matt. xxvii. 1–10.

To Herod's house. Luke xxiii. 3-10.

To Pilate again. Luke xxiii. 11-25.

To Calvary. Luke xxiii. 26-33,

The body of the Lord is taken to the grave of Joseph of Arimathea. Luke xxiii. 46-56.

[Adapted to OUR WORK, by the Editor.]

THE DREAM-WHEEL UTILIZED.

BY MRS. C. H. B. LAING.

"Honest labor bears a lovely face."

CHAPTER I.

How many such cottages as that of the widow Fletcher dot the valleys and green hillsides of this fair land of ours? We never pass from out the busy turmoil of the city, leaving behind us the suburban villas, and luxurious homes of wealth, which radiate from the grand center, but we come upon some such rural abode, whose outward neatness and taste bespeak the industry and thrift that dwell within. Nature delights in these wayside shrines where labor sets up her *lares*, and I think she takes peculiar pleasure in showing her delight, by giving to them

"Her purest of crystal and brightest of green."

Upon the edge of a broad meadow stood the cottage of Mrs. Fletcher, and, between it and this harvest in prospective for the widow's cow, a narrow footpath wound in a half circle to meet the village road. Two tall elms spread abroad their wide branches, gathering into their umbrageous folds roof and chimney, and threw so dense a shadow across the door-sill that even at noon the sun could only wink through the dancing leaves. Upon the south side of the house was the little garden, where young heads of thrifty vegetables sprouted up bravely from their dark, loamy beds. There were but few flowers, it is true, to varigate with the deep, purple leaves of the beet-root, or the shaded green of cabbages and turnips; for there were mouths to feed, and the inmates of this pleasant home were neither bees nor humming-birds, to live on honey dew. Yet here and there were seen among the sweet herbs and currant bushes, which formed the useful in the narrow borders, tiny beds of mignonette, clusters of pansies, and bright scarlet poppies; while a clematis and a fragrant sweet-briar disputed their claim to the latticed windows, and became entangled in the strife to such a degree that they almost lost their own identity.

In the rear of the cottage stood the barn, with its doors swung wide, and the pleasant afternoon breeze sweeping in, rustling through the hay-mow, and softly fanning the patient swallows sitting upon their nests under the eaves. And into the barn, quite unceremoniously, I will now conduct the reader; follow me there, if you please. There is no need of being dainty in picking our steps; for Roy is a thorough lad, and the barn floor is clean as a parlor. And here we find the lad whose life I borrow to illustrate the axiom I began with. He is tall, broad-chested, and straight as an arrow, with large gray eyes, deep set, and glowing with animation from under their black, curling lashes, and with determination stamped on every feature of his bright, young face. Such is Roy Fletcher, the hero of our story.

Upon a rough bench in front of Roy is a miniature steam-engine, the product of the boy's own brain. There it stands, so small that he can almost span it, and yet every minute division, shaft, and cylinder, carved and arranged with such nicety and proportionate adaptation as proves, beyond a doubt, the mechanical genius of the lad. For months has Roy labored diligently, every moment he could snatch from his daily duties, to bring his little engine to its present state of finish; and yet it will require much more study and patient investigation ere his success will be complete. He is justly proud of his work, and he scans it over and over with the critical eye of a master, but *unless he can discover or invent some motive power*, of what use are all his labors! Poor Roy wipes his brow uneasily, and again bending over the skillful fabric, applies himself anew, heart and brain, to his cherished hope of future success.

The widow Fletcher, as she was styled in village parlance, has all a widow's need for the industry of her son Roy. Failing health has checked her own active exertions, and she who lately was so energetic, whom no hardship could daunt, nor toil discourage; who daily proved, by her own cheerful example, that "where there's a will there's a way," could now only attend to the duties of the household, or occasionally earn a few dollars with her needle.

Health failed Mrs. Fletcher, it is true, but not courage; and although there was sometimes a scarcity of food, and the wood-pile dwindled down to a few logs, yet there was no complaining, no distrusting the goodness of Providence.

I can not say that the Fletchers had seen better days, if "*better days*" are intended to signify a sudden revulsion of fortune—a downward step from affluence to necessary labor—gold and copper, satin and home-spun, in counteraction! It is often suggested, or affirmed, of those who seem gifted by nature with gentle manners, intuitive self-respect, and a craving for higher attainments, that they have seen better days! This *is* often the fact, certainly, for we know how riches take wings and fly away, but more frequently the assertion has its origin in a mistaken idea that refinement is only indigenous to palatial roofs; and, that the man who so far rises above the mere drudgery of manual labor as to feel the divinity within him, and who aims to improve the capacities *for* improvement which God has given him, must of course be "gentle born." This is a popular fallacy, irreverent to our heavenly Father, "in whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind."

Mrs. Fletcher was the daughter and granddaughter of a farmer. She could spin, weave, knit, bake and brew, as her mother had done before her. Mr. Fletcher was the son and grandson of a village blacksmith—worked like a vulcan at his trade, with his book ever near at hand—devised several valuable improvements in his handicraft, and finally purchased, with the profits of his industry, the little cottage wherein his widow now dwells. It was his earnest wish to bestow upon his boy a better education than he had been able to acquire himself, for he saw, in Roy, the germ of noble qualities. But death closed those earthly hopes and parental aspirations. Trusting in that God who never forsakes the widow and the fatherless, he calmly sank to his rest:

"For so he giveth his beloved sleep."

Bravely did Roy sustain his posi-

tion as the "right hand" of his mother, and his heart beat with pride and joy, that by his own exertions he could so materially aid in her support. During the summer, the garden was the golden egg for Roy; while in winter, his stout arm wielded the flail, or felled the trees of the forest for the neighboring farmers. No vegetables were so early as those which grew in the widow Fletcher's garden, and therefore commanded good prices. And whenever Roy sought for a day's work, he had only to present his bright, cheerful face, and ready hands, to obtain it, for he had already proved his fidelty to those who had employed him. Verily, "a good name is better than riches," although *both combined* are very clever.

Nor, as we have seen, did Roy labor with his hands alone—there was head-work going on, too; a busy brain that was always scheming, which worked independent of his hands, until duty done, the hands obeyed the brain. Then in his chamber, by the light of a little taper, or out in the more favored old barn, did the young dreamer puzzle out and shape the fancies of the brain. Books were his pastime and pleasure, and all that came in his way, whether they treated of history, biography, or travels, works of scientific research, or the lighter field of fiction, all had a charm for Roy; and sometimes he sighed for that great world wherein, if fortune had been kinder, he might have taken the field with others, and won for himself a noble position. Thus thought Roy.

"And perhaps I may yet!" was the answer with which the hopeful lad would meet these infrequent repinings.

But why did not Roy follow the trade of his sire and grandsire? That is just what he intends doing; and, upon the very morning with which this story commences, had already signed his indentures, by which he bound himself apprentice to the blacksmith of the village, and in a few more days, in leather apron, and stout welding hammer in hand, Roy Fletcher will be found at the forge.

Pray pardon this digression. I had really forgotten that I left you standing in the barn-yard, after having enticed you thither to introduce the widow's son.

Roy, as I said before, was seated at his work-bench. His lips are compressed, his eyes are rivited upon his skillful piece of mechanism—the little engine—while the expression of his countenance expressed earnest thought and perplexity. His thoughts are with the future, and in imagination he enjoys a triumphant day when his little engine, perfected and completed, shall bring to him honor and wealth. While indulging in day-dreams, the toil of the day and the pleasant surroundings caused him to sleep, and as he slept—behold a vision! A vast plain appeared spread out before him, a cloudless sky bent over it. At his feet the grass was soft and green as in early spring, while myriad flowers of most enchanting hue rested their brightness thereon. Here were trees high as the cedars of Lebanon, amid whose majestic boughs birds of brilliant plumage flitted on joyous wing; and it seemed to Roy that as those noble trees bent their solemn heads to the low, soft wind, he heard sweet music, as though angel hands moved the leaves to harmony. Roy viewed this enchanting scene with wonder and awe. Neither from book nor in thought had he conceived of a region so full of beauty, and as he

touched the sweet lily bells, and inhaled their delicious odors, or viewed the more gorgeous flowers which blossomed at his feet, and heard the deep toned music which swept around, he reverently bowed his head, for he felt that "the place whereon he stood was holy ground." While thus enchained by the wonderful beauty of the scene, a lovely form drew near to Roy, and with a sweet smile bade him follow her. And as he did so, the scene suddenly changed.

Roy now found himself amid a multitude of busy craftsmen, whose different trades were identified by the implements on which their labors were directed; and he walked around examining with delight the many wonderful fabrics of mechanical skill and beauty before him. But soon his attention was attracted to an object, which, withdrawing his thoughts from all others, rivited them alone upon its colossal proportions. It was an engine adapted for land carriage; and as Roy approached it he was overwhelmed with astonishment to find that in all, save its size, it was the *very counterpart of his own little machine;* and, colossal as it seemed, was propelled by a small central wheel of curious construction, and with a velocity which had never been equaled, as he was informed by those who stood around, and who seemed placed there as if for the purpose of explaining away any doubts which might arise in his mind. Roy attentively examined the construction of this wheel, so perfect and yet so simple, when he comprehended its mechanism; and he questioned himself, as he looked at it, whether he could imitate it with as perfect adaptation. While thus deliberating, to his surprise, the engine suddenly fell asunder; each highly-wrought fragment became detached, and Roy, taking up each separate division, was instructed in their use, their connection and application, and then, by those master hands, the engine was once more constructed, but slowly, that the young pupil might understand its complicated perfectness; and by this means Roy was enabled to discover wherein *the secret of the motive power was hidden*, which had so much perplexed him.

With an exclamation of pleasure he turned to thank his patient instructors, but the vision gave place to the limits of the barn—the swallows were twittering like laughing children at "hide-and-seek" as they flew in and out, and circled sideways under the low eaves, while before him still sits his own miniature engine.

That night as his mother slept, Roy stole out to the barn, and bringing the little engine into his own chamber, detached it piece by piece; for so vividly had the vision impressed his mind, that our young dreamer felt assured only a few alterations were required to make his own little model perfect. The wheel, too, can he not form one after his dream pattern? There it is before his eyes; not tangible, it is true, but can he not make it so? He will essay it at least, and thus until the night was far spent did Roy unceasingly devote himself to his task.

What a study does this brave young man present, as he bends over the object to which his energies are directed! Look at his hands, they are sun-burned and hard with toil; at his garments, they are coarse and ill-fashioned. He is poor in all worldly gifts and favors, and for the bread which feeds them he toiled in the sweat of that young brow, cheerfully, uncomplainingly. But look in his eyes, as

he lifts them, filled with courage, from his task; mark the expression of his countenance, and there you will find the wealth of genius which the world can not bestow, and worthy aspirations which may yet wing our young hero to the pinnacle of fame.

The summer night is calm and still. No sound but the chirping cricket, or the monotonous music of the frogs, save the shrill clarion of the chanticleer, or the baying of some faithful watch-dog. The moon in her serene lovliness treads her starry pathway, and smiles down like a holy blessing on the little cottage. Touched by her silver pencil, the tall grass waves in beauty, and the elms, as they bow to the gentle night-wind, seem to whisper, "Peace on earth, good will to man." The night wore on, and still Roy bent to his labors; the dawn was already near, ere putting aside his work, with a still yearning heart, he threw himself upon his bed, and soon forgot all in refreshing slumber.

CHAPTER II.

The day now came when Roy must enter upon his new calling. The time not spent at the forge had to be devoted to his mother's garden, and therefore, from the day upon which he entered his apprenticeship, his labors for the completion of his model engine were greatly interrupted, and only resumed at long intervals.

The lad liked his trade well. It was to him a pleasant one. He liked this "meddling with cold iron," and this bringing of the softened metal under his own control. There was something, too, in the occupation, which was continually striking out some new thought, and encouraging his mechanical propensities. With the same quick eye as his father, he saw where great improvements might be made, not only in the implements used in his own handicraft, but also in others —those which were brought to the smithy for repairs by the farmers and mechanics around. Yet modesty sealed these theories; and moreover, such a practical man as John Jones, "*the boss*," would never have listened to the "new-fangled" notions of a boy apprentice.

There are a great many John Jones in the world, right good fellows, too, but who would no more think of going out of the beaten track of their forefathers, than they would of trusting themselves to cross the Atlantic Ocean in a balloon. As for instance, the good woman in New Jersey, who, finding her petticoat had been made by a "sewing machine" invented, as she declared, "*by Satan to take the bread out of poor women's mouths*," immediately sat down, and ripping it seam from seam, resewed it with her own needle! Or, par example, a domestic of my own, who, becoming perfectly convalescent from a severe illness, under the infinitesimal doses of homœopathy, as soon as she could "drag her slow length" to a neighboring drug store, deliberately swallowed a strong decoction of salts and senna in defiance. She did not believe in any new-fangled ways, not she.

"Pretty story," said she, "to tell my folks that I have been cured by them pesky little sugar-plums; sakes alive, why they would not believe I was sick!"

So Roy kept all these things to himself for the present. His brain worked too lively, however, to be always kept in abeyance. It will effervesce some day, as we shall see. And thus two years slipped quietly away, unmarked in the "short and simple annals" of the Fletchers.

The widow, with the same cheerful spirit, thanks God for his blessings, and is proud of her boy; and if she ever indulges a repining thought, it is that he is precluded from those advantages which his tastes crave.

Roy, in the meantime, had gained the esteem and confidence of his employer. He had become a skillful craftsman; and already to his hand alone were intrusted the most careful orders, which he executed with all the nicety and finish of a master workman. The blacksmith, Jones, was a just man, and a kind master. He appreciated the worth of Roy; and, although he owned, as it were, the hands of the apprentice, as bound to his service, he never failed to compensate him for any work which particularly pleased him; thus both master and boy were contented with each other. And it was a fortunate thing for Roy that he served so good a man, as this extra compensation gave him the means of procuring many little comforts for the dear home, and also enabled him to supply his own mind with the food it most craved. And thoroughly did he digest all the mathematical treatises and scientific works which he could obtain, never losing sight of the one cherished scheme of his boyhood. Often, as he wrought at the glowing forge, the sparks from the anvil scintillating around him as his quick hand fashioned the seething metal,—often did his thoughts dwell upon the strangely beautiful vision by which he had been so encouraged; although, at that time, Roy was far from regarding it in its true light, *as a divine inspiration.* To him it was merely "strange," a "remarkable coincidence," perhaps, with his day-dreams, but nothing more.

How pleasant were the evenings at the cottage home! The widow ever occupied in some housewifely pursuit, or thridding the ceaseless round of a stocking, the cheerful clicking of her knitting-needles, chiming in pleasantly with the cricket on the hearth, while Roy would read aloud, or perhaps attempt to demonstrate to his wondering mother some mathematical diagram which his brain had conjured. One evening, after a day of unusual toil, Roy commenced the reading of a new book to his mother, but as he read the letters grew indistinct, and seemed blending into one confused shadow; the ticking of the clock, and the clicking of the widow's needles seemed afar off, all objects became soundless and dim; his head dropped upon his breast, and Mrs. Fletcher, with a smile, caught the book from his relaxing grasp.

"Poor boy, how tired he is!" she thought.

But as Roy slept—behold, a vision!

CHAPTER III.

And the revelation which the good Giver of all again vouchsafed the young dreamer, was of so practical a nature, and the scene so like reality, that Roy at the time experienced none of that solemn awe with which the previous vision had filled his soul.

It was a dusty road over which, in company with many other persons, he seemed journeying. All were going in the same direction, and all apparently with the same object in view. Among the throngt were artizans and professors, the mechanic and the lawyer, the soldier and the priest. As they proceeded, Roy saw they were drawing near a wide and level plain, across which was a railway, and soon the engine-house came in sight, gaily decorated with flags and streamers, each bearing in letters of gold the word "Excelsior." At this sight

the multitude now appeared more eager, pressing around the door and watching impatiently for it to be thrown open. Roy, demanding the reason of so much excitement, was informed that an engine was to be started over the track to test some new invention. Yes, some visionary fellow, they said, had constructed a central wheel, which he maintained would perform so many, and such rapid revolutions, as would nearly double the speed of other locomotives.

"But he is an idle dreamer! "A mere theorist!" "We shall see, we shall see." "*Bah*, the idea is too absurd; but how the fellow will chafe at his failure, as fail he must."

Roy listened incredulous to these sweeping remarks, for *his* sympathies were of course on the side of this daring innovator upon old and approved models. Suddenly the door of the station was thrown wide, disclosing a splendid machine, adorned with flowers and flags, and already panting with impatience, as it were, to be off. Roy could hardly credit his senses, for again he recognized the very model of his own little engine.

But while looking and pondering upon this singular coincidence, the grand and beautiful machine is started—starts, and is gone like a flash. For a moment astonishment silences the crowd, and then, as if actuated by one impulse, a unanimous shout rent the air from those who so lately had as unanimously derided the experiment. And now, back again over the iron path shoots the powerful engine, and, as she stays her speed, the multitude press around Roy, and with shouts of applouse proclaim him the inventor of this wonderful motive power. And suddenly, between him and the excited crowd, glided the same radiant form which had beautified his first vision. In her hand she held a wreath, and approaching Roy she placed it upon his brow. For one brief moment it rested there, as if in blessing, and then the lovely vision vanished. Again the throng shout:

"Success to Roy Fletcher!"

"Hurrah for Roy Fletcher!"

And with the sound still ringing in his ears, the dreamer awoke. In lieu of that excited multitude, he saw only his mother quietly knitting, with the book which he had dropped, open before her.

"Well, Roy, you have been sleeping," she said, smiling.

"Yes, and dreaming, too, mother, for I have just now worn a victor's wreath," answered Roy.

And filled with wonder at this second revelation, he bade his mother good night, and retired to his chamber.

CHAPTER IV.

At the close of three years we find changes in the once happy home of the Fletchers. The little cottage, it is true, still shelters beneath the protecting arms of the old elms; the garden looks clean and thrifty, and sweet briar has climbed to the roof.

"There is the shaded door-way still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill."

The barn door, too, stands wide, and we hear the cheerful flail echoing within:

"But the stranger comes, Oh! painful proof;
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof!"

Her earthly mission accomplished, by the side of her husband, in the village church-yard, the widow has lain down to her peaceful sleep.

In the meanwhile, by labor at odd hours, and careful, persisted study, Roy had been successful in constructing a splendid model of his engine, with the dream-wheel improvement; and formidable as the undertaking appeared to one who

so rarely had journeyed beyond the limits of the village, he resolved to take it himself to Washington, and submit it for consideration at the Patent Office. And let us follow our young friend to Washington, where, engaging lodgings in a quiet street, he immediately took measures for placing his model in the hands of the committee. Any one who has staked his hopes for the future, his labors of the past, within the doubtful chance between a "yea" and "nay," may perhaps appreciate the feelings of Roy, as day after day, a stranger in a strange city, he waited the movements of that august body, whose deliberations are necessarily bestowed equally upon a *mouse-trap* and a *steam-engine*.

"Patience had its perfect work." With no friends to advance his interest, and where there were also many other claims upon their attention, Roy was, of course, forced to curb his impatience, to keep pace with their pleasure. Good, however, came of delay. During those weeks, in which both the patience and the purse became alike nearly exhausted, Roy formed the acquaintance of several distinguished men—men of science and high culture, who, pleased with the modest bearing and evident genius of the young stranger, extended to him the rites of hospitality and kindness. He also met with others, who, like himself, had come to Washington with new inventions, or improvements upon old, so that with his quick, perceptive mind, this journey to the capital gave him that practical knowledge, which in the battle of life is perhaps of more real advantage than tomes of printed lore.

At length success stamps the enterprise. The name of Roy Fletcher is enrolled, with other successful applicants, and with the official seal affixed, Roy receives his patent.

Justly proud and happy, he hastened home to receive the congratulations of his friends; nor can words convey the pleasure which his friends manifested at the triumph of this noble youth, while the blacksmith, shaking him heartily by the hand, thus spoke his mind: "You're a smart fellow, Roy Fletcher, and bound to go ahead, I see. Now tell me what you want to do, for I know you're not going to rest contented, now you've got your patent, and John Jones ain't the fellow to back out when he can serve a friend, so speak out like a man, now!"

There were tears of which no man need be ashamed in the eyes of Roy, as he thanked the smith for this unexpected kindness.

"It would be my wish, of course, to follow out my model, to construct my engine with this new power, and have its value attested upon some railway. Then I might, perhaps, dispose of my patent to advantage, or construct the machines myself. However, this must be a work of time, for I have neither money nor credit for such an outlay. But no matter, sure of success in the end, I will work with redoubled energy at the forge, and be content to hoard my small gains until I can see my way clear for the undertaking."

"Yes, but in meantime, boy, some one else may steal your patent, or come so mighty nigh it that you can't tell the difference," cried the blacksmith. "No, no, you must go right ahead about the quickest; it won't do to let your brains and all your hard work go to waste in any such style. I can help you, lad. I know where you can get money for such an outlay, and its where your credit's good, too! I hav'nt been working all these years for noth-

ing," (with a peculiar smile.) "John Jones has got some, he has," (slapping his pockets.) "Now you just leave the shop to me, for *I* calculate your best chance will be to take some money, and you shall have it, and start this thing right along to double quick time."

It will be sufficient to say that the good blacksmith proved his words by his deeds, which we know is not always the case, for some men are full of words and wordy offers, but when the time comes to take them up they are like bad notes, protested at maturity. Some men are prone to great precaution in favoring new schemes or inventions. They hang back; they walk sideways; they look sharp and sagacious, and await the issue in a self-congratulatory state of non-committal. Then, of course, they are ready to meet the end, either *pro* or *con*. If successful, to be sure, they knew it would be so. If a failure, they shrug their shoulders and cry, "Aha! just what I expected; we knew it; I told you so!"

And thus it fared with Roy, who found many more obstacles in the way of his enterprise than he expected.

After months of unnecessary delay, as it seemed to Roy, a trial of his new engine was granted, and a day appointed, when in the presence of competent judges, stationed at proper intervals, it was to test its speed with a rival locomotive of great power, over a double track of twenty miles.

The morning came. Side by side the powerful engines, decorated with flags, their shafts and cylinders bright as the sun, took their places upon the track. To each was attached a car, in which were the friends of these huge rivals to public favor. Among them the stalwart form of John Jones, upon the platform of the "Excelsior" (for so Roy had named his engine in remembrance of the dream), waving the "Stars and Stripes." The clock strikes ten. It is the signal. They start as with a bound. On they speed, borne, as it were, upon the breath of the land, uproarous shouts that are heard on all sides. They flash across the meadow, over the brook, through the village, across the open prairie, and look, ha! the "Excelsior" is behind. On they rush, those monster steeds, passing the dark forest with a bound, again into the bright sunlight, and now dashing madly within the bowels of the earth, belching and roaring defiance in their cavernous strife. And see the "Excelsior," like a glorious presage of fame to Roy, first emerges from the tunnel's dark bed! Mark how swiftly she speeds her way. Hurrah! the station is gained. And then, grand in her defeat, her flags waving, and music echoing cheerily, the rival locomotive comes in; but mark, the index hand points six minutes behind her copetitor—the "Excelsior."

And now ready for the return trial, the whistle again signals the contest. They are off upon the iron pathway, rushing like the wind. Side by side they plunge into the tunnel, side by side they bound into the light. And now as if sensible of the fiat resting in her fleetness, and that within her iron sinews she binds the hopes of a human heart, the "Excelsior" leaps ahead of her rival. She gains, with every revolution of the central wheel, she gains! How gloriously that dream-wheel fulfills its promise, with what power it propels the huge bulk! On speeds the grand machine, the bridge is reached, the meadow is behind, and now "Eureka," the goal is gained, and ten

minutes marks her advance as the rival engine comes panting to the station.

Long and loud were the shouts which rent the air, as pale with emotion the proud and happy Roy leaped from the car, to receive the congratulations of the crowd. Even the envious were forced into enthusiasm as they looked upon the young adventurer. As the multitude cheered, Roy suddenly remembered the vision. And so startling was the similitude, that he almost feared he was again but the actor in a dream. The scene was the same, the crowd, the grand and beautiful engine, the same. His own name, too, echoing from the lips of the excited spectators, and involuntarily Roy looked around as if expecting to behold the same radient spirit approaching to place upon his brow the wreath of victory. And at the moment, as if to complete the illusion, a young girl from out the throng drew near, and presented him with a laurel wreath, whose dark, glossy leaves her own hand had entwined, in compliment to the young machinist.

Six months from the day which thus tested the value of Roy's invention, we find our young mechanic in a different sphere of action. Success crowning his efforts, the superiority of the dream-wheel acknowledged, and its power already applied on several railways, fortune looks less stern, and the wild hopes of youth seem in a fair way of realization; while those bright visions which cheered and sustained those hopes have not withdrawn their glad promise, but still radiate his path, and permeate his soul with the light of love and gratitude to the one Supreme.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The issues of a lifetime often hang upon very trivial circumstances. As we glance backward over our lives, we can each see where very little things have turned us to the right or the left, and how our whole life has been influenced by that turning. Besides that great choice which decides our eternal weal or woe, we doubt whether their is another so important as that which determines what we shall do with the talents given us.

In a few weeks our schools will open their doors to welcome all who may come. Our young people should weigh the question carefully, putting on the one side the weight and influence of a well-filled mind, and on the other the emptiness and insignificance of the ignorant, in order that they may not decide to slight this opportunity of beginning to acquire an education. The means are within the reach of every one. You may not see the way through; there may be mountains on the right and left, and a sea in front; but you can take *one step forward*, and if you have faith in God, he will lead you through. The seeming impossibility in your mind, will not hinder the good results if you will move forward.

Make *now* all the arrangements to attend at the opening of the fall term the school of your choice. By consulting our advertisements, you will find as good institutions represented as can be found anywhere. If you desire to attend *college*, we can recommend you to our own dearly beloved *alma mater*—Union Christian College.

The folllowing essay, composed and read by a child living near Carversville, Pa. (a beautiful place which we have just been visiting), at the reunion of the township public schools, is so appropriate for the columns of OUR WORK, that we give it without comment, only asking for it a careful reading:

CHILDREN'S WORK

In this great busy world even children may find something to do. There are always little things to be done that they only can do; and it is just as essential that these little things be done as larger ones. While we are learning to do these, we are learning life's first lesson. If we learn to do them well, we will have but little difficulty in performing harder duties; but if we do not put all our energies into our work, with the determination to succeed, we never will, but will keep on working where we first began.

"Stone on stone, the loftiest temple
Slowly rises to the sky;
Step by step we climb the mountain;
Hour by hour the years go by."

We are now laying the foundation of our life's work. If we build strongly and substantially, we can build on with the assurance that our work will stand—a good, solid structure that will defy the winds and storms. But we must build slowly and carefully, and not to high, or the foundation will not bear the weight; and even with all our carefulness the building may fall, and drag with it the result of others' labor.

When the farm-boy starts to plow the furrow, he puts a pole at the other end of the field, and never turns aside for bushes or stones. No; he pushes ahead, strikes straight for the mark. We must all have something at which to aim—some mark which we wish to reach; and in order to reach it, we must work, and never give up for any difficulty, but, like the plow-boy, strike straight for the mark.

We do not need wealth or genius to make us successful; all we want is a reasonable share of good common sense and a will. If we obtain the comforts and luxuries of life through our own exertions, we can enjoy them. When wealth and fame have been earned, we can appreciate them and know their real value, and enjoy them with the consciousness that it is the result of our own work.

Each generation is an example of the wisdom, virtue, and advancement in knowledge of the preceding one. Our teachers and friends are striving to make us representatives who will be an honor to them; yet, with all their painstaking, they will succeed but poorly if we scholars do not try also, and help them by studying and doing the work they give us to do. When the great men and women have passed away, others will be wanted to fill their places, and these vacancies must be supplied from among the girls and boys of to-day, who will stand as representatives of the generation that is passing away.

We find each year's work harder than that of the last, and it therefore requires greater effort. We must not be afraid if our burden looks heavy, but take it up cheerfully, not shoving it on the shoulders of some one else, but patiently remove every obstacle from our way, for we grow stronger by constant endeavors. If we find a puzzling example or difficult definition, we must work away at it until we get it, and the more trouble we have getting it the better we will remember it. If we work one week to solve one arithmetic problem, we will remember how to solve that example as long as we have any need of remembering it. We must not be discouraged if the lesson is a little hard, nor be satisfied with only half knowing it. There is no credit in reciting such a lesson, but there is great honor in reciting a lesson perfectly that took us two hours and a half to learn.

"The hights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward through the night."

We are not gaining any thing by studying something that we already know; it is the difficult tasks that strengthen the mind, test the abilities, and give culture to the intellect.

While we are working in this way, there is other work also that we can be doing. We can throw out a child's influence for the right.

"If I may not quell the evil
That is broadcast in the land,
I can show the godlike beauty
Of an upright heart and hand."

At school we can find opportunities for doing good. A playmate may be bothering over a lesson, when a word from a clearer, if not a wiser, head would make it all plain. Perhaps we need go no further than the home circle for a mission-field. One good example and a quiet, gentle word might do good even there.

These little mission-fields suit us best, but we can do our duty faithfully in them. We know who it was that said, "He that is faithful over little, will be faithful over much." It is not so much the amount of labor we accomplish, as the manner in which we do it, that deserves reward. It is pleasant to think that the Savior remembers even the little ones. We are all familiar with that verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and again, "Whoso receive one such little one in my name receiveth me," and "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one

of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." While the blessed Savior has not forgotten us, we seem to have been forgotten by some of the people of this day; they seem to forget that children have their rights, and like others to respect them. When we have worked, we want to be paid for our work. I don't mean paid in dollars and cents, though that is very acceptable, too, sometimes. We want praise when we deserve praise, and not too long a scolding when we deserve that. Some people invariably forget to praise us when we have done any thing well; and it is remarkable that while their memories are so short in that direction, they never forget to scold when the work is not done just right.

We have come here to-day to show you our school-work of this last year. The progress we have made can only be seen by comparing our work of this year with that of last. This, kind friends, we leave you to do, asking no praise that we do not honestly deserve, but that our just rewards will not be given sparingly or reluctantly.

Owing to the crowded state of our columns, we are forced to omit the Personals and Locals of U. C. College, and the Astronomical Notes. To avoid a sameness, we omit the Philadelphia Letter this month.

RECEIPTS.—We do not send receipts for money received, only when a stamp or postal card is inclosed for that purpose. New subscribers will receive their magazine by return mail, which to them will be a sufficient receipt. Old subscribers, who still are in arrears, will find this article marked with a cross. The absence of a mark on this article is proof that the money is received.

STARKEY SEMINARY.

Eddytown, N. Y., August, 1876.

Prof. R. D. EVANS, A. B., Local Editor.

[Contributions to this department are earnestly solicited. Any bit of information concerning an old student or a former teacher, will be most welcome, if addressed to R. D. Evans, Eddytown, New York.]

PERSONALS.

Lyman J. Baskin, Class '69, is practicing law in Michigan. He is a graduate of the Law Department in Ann Arbor University.

W. E. Bassler, same class, edits the *Middleburg Gazette*—a sheet issued in the eastern part of the state.

Willard Beahan, Class '73, is a member of the Class of '78, in Cornell University. He takes the Civil Engineering Course.

Fred L. Lovelace, Class '75, won the competitive examination for the Yates County Scholarship in Cornell, and will enter in the fall.

Edwin Koons, Class '76, goes to Auburn Theological Seminary next year, there to fit himself for the Presbyterian ministry.

Miss Jennie Crawford, Class '73, is teaching in Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

LOCALS.

Miss Flora J. Abbey will conduct the Department of Drawing and Painting next year. Miss Abbey has the reputation of being a skillful artist, and has already, during her course at the seminary, gained the esteem of all the students.

The buildings are undergoing a complete renovation. A mason is now at work reparing damages to the plastering, and a fresh coat of paint is to be applied throughout the whole interior.

CLOSING EXERCISES AT STARKEY.—The last week of June saw fittingly closed another successful year at Starkey. The favorable weather, large throng of visitors, and high order of exercises presented, combined to make this one of the most pleasing anniversaries ever held by the school. The elements themselves seemed to smile auspiciously upon the occasion; the sun shone its brightest, and breezes blew their coolest. The old chapel was made to look quite fresh and woodsy, by the tasteful decorations which adorned it, the universal centennial spirit coming out prominently in the lavishness with which the national colors were displayed. Ropes of evergreen were draped about the sides of the stage and from the ceiling above it, giving it the appearance of a woodland bower; while the profuseness with which bouquets and other floral decorations were distributed over it, made the bower seem a habitation of fairies. About the walls of the room were disposed, in tasteful groups, pictures—the work of the pupils in the Drawing and Painting Department, for the year. A feature which contributed not a little to the pleasure of the week, was the refreshment tent in the yard, in front of the buildings, in the interest of the organ fund. From the sales here, and the concert mentioned below, the sum of $77.00 was netted, to be applied to the payment of the debt still hanging over that instrument.

The examinations of the various classes took place on Tuesday and Wednesday. The first event of public interest was an

OLD FOLKS' CONCERT,

given on Monday evening, the proceeds for the organ. The performance was under the direction of Mrs. J. J. Wade, our music teacher, and consisted of the grand old songs and anthems of a hundred years ago, interspersed with choice selections of modern music. The singers gave plain evidence of the excellent training they had been under; and although we would like to make particular mention of a few gems, the general excellence of the whole forbids us to specify. The costumes were of a style contemporaneous with the music, and, under the glare of the lamplight, looked quaint and beautiful. All in all, the entertainment was pronounced one of the most unique and pleasing ever given in the institution.

This was followed on Tuesday evening, by the public entertainment of the

EMERSONIAN SOCIETY.

Space forbids insertion of the programme, which comprised three orations, three essays, a paper and a discussion on the question, "Resolved, that men are better adapted to fill public positions than women."

Wednesday evening a similar performance was given by the

ADELPHIAN SOCIETY,

consisting of three orations, an essay, two declamations, a paper, a prophesy, and a discussion by four disputants on the question, "Resolved, that the influence of the press is greater than that of public speakers." In both these entertainments the performances were, with few exceptions, of a high order of literary merit, and very creditable to the societies. A new feature, which added considerably to the enjoyment on Wednesday evening, was the music furnished by the brass band of Dundee.

Thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, came the great event of the week, the

GRADUATING EXERCISES,

a programme of which we insert. The first part of the programme

was composed of selections from the regular rhetorical exercises of the latter half of the term; the second part, beginning with Mr. Van Stone's oration, formed the graduating exercises proper.

PROGRAMME.

Oration, "Social Duties and Privileges," Charles W. Long, Himrods, N. Y.; Essay, "Days of '76," Jessie Palmer, Eddytown, N. Y.; Oration, "Character, not Reputation," John A. Gibbs, Barrington, N. Y.; Concert Recitation, Misses Bailey, Houck, and Young; Solo and Chorus, "The Honest Man is King"; Oration, "Act well your part in life, for there the honor lies," H. F. Gleason, Wayne, N. Y.; Oration, "U. S.," W. W. Roe, Deckertown, N. J.; Oration, "True Men," Edward J. Gleason, Wayne, N. Y.; Solo and Chorus, "Gathering Shells"; Oration, "The Work more than the Pay," Samuel B. Van Stone, Deckertown, N. J.; Essay, "Autobiography of a Brachiopod," Flora McMillan, Eddytown, N. Y.; Agnes Sorel Quadrilles, Misses McLean and Anderson; Oration, "Glaciers," Edwin Koons, North Reading, N. Y.; Poem, "The Late Storm," Victoria A. King, Petersburgh, N. Y; Inst. Solo, "Carnival de Venice," Annie F. McLean, Dundee, N. Y.; Oration, "Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audientior ito," Edward H. Wilson, Williamsport, Pa.; Drawings and Paintings, Flora J. Abbey, Rock Stream, N. Y.; Inst. Solo, "Grand Concert Polka," Anna C. Anderson, Milford, N. J.; Valedictory, George M. Emmans, Swartswood, N. J.; Centennial Duett, Misses McLean and Anderson.

The exercises all gave evidence of careful preparation, and were, as a rule, well delivered. Some, especially among those of the graduates, were really masterly in thought and style, and were such as to make the hearts of both teachers and school thrill with pride in our Class of '75.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

Four diplomas were conferred in the Literary Course, viz., on Messrs. Van Stone, Koons and Wilson, and on Miss King; two in the Collegiate Preparatory Course, viz., on Mr. Emmans and Miss McMillan; two in the Musical Course, on Misses Anderson and McLean; and one in Painting, on Miss Abbey.

In the evening occurred the anniversary of the Alumni. The association was quite well represented, and the exercises were good. The address of welcome was by Prof. McHenry, Class of '63. This was followed by three orations: by Messrs. W. Beahan, '73; F. S. Lovelace, '75; and H. C. Harpending, '68; and and essay by Mrs. Gano, '63. The music was from members of various classes, and was well received. After the public exercises, the association adjourned to Prof. McHenry's sitting-room to hold their regular business meeting. Thus ended the Commencement of '75.

PROCTOR ACADEMY.

Andover, N. H., August, 1876.

Rev. A. H. MORRILL, A. M., Local Editor.

LOCALS.

The rates of tuition remain the same as last year, which are lower than in any academy in our vicinity.

CALENDAR. — Fall term opens August 22, 1876; fall term closes November 17, 1876; winter term opens November 28, 1876; winter term closes February 23, 1877; spring term opens March 6, 1877; spring term closes June 1, 1877.

Let the young men and ladies prepare to enter Proctor Academy the fall term.

Our boarding-house needs several hundred dollars to complete it. Who will send on the needful?

The students of the academy, who have been engaged teaching, the present summer, have succeeded well in their schools.

The principal will continue to furnish books at less than the Boston retail prices, to all students wishing to purchase through him.

The thanks of the school are due to a generous friend who made up the deficit of one hundred dollars in the current expenses of the school.

There are catalogues still remaining in the hands of the principal; and any one wishing one or more, can have them by sending for them.

Rev. E. H. Wright, Chairman of our Executive Committee, has resigned his charge in the city of Manchester, New Hampshire, on account of poor health.

Hon. Isaac K. Gage, of Fisherville, New Hampshire, one of the Executive Committee, received the honorary degree of Master of Arts, from Dartmouth College, at the Commencement, last week.

WEAUBLEAU INSTITUTE.

Weaubleau City, Mo., August, 1876.

WILLIAM J. HAWKINS, Local Editor.

Having no items of interest during vacation, we send you for this column, as per request, an essay read in the Rhetorical Class, by J. S. Snidow:

FAULT-FINDERS.

The world is full of chronic fault-finders. Nothing can please them; they take delight in quarreling and grumbling over every thing they meet. If any thing is good, they complain because it is not better. Humanity has no bright side to those grumblers; it looks black, dreary, hopeless to them, from whatever point of view they examine it. They overlook the virtues of an individual, and hold up a single fault to judge his character from; they denounce an institution of learning because a few idle students are members of it; they upbraid society because some one has violated some of its customs; they say there can be no good in Masonry, for it is a secret organization, and if there were any good connected with it, they would let every one into the secret. But I think this is like Columbus making an egg stand on its end; it is too simple after every one finds it out. The church is false because a few hypocrites find shelter in it. The world is on the highway to destruction, and every thing indicates the deformity of man.

We do not envy the happiness of these grumblers. Their unhappy frame of mind is about the only pleasure they enjoy. It may sound paradoxical, but the social misery they create is to them a source of enjoyment. A single, hopeful heart is worth a regiment of these fault-finders. Humanity has its bright side—beautiful and attractive to those who seek it. The world is alive with public and private virtue; and we should be ready at all times to foster and encourage this element of social comfort and public happiness.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Christian conferences are declaring in favor of OUR WORK, by strong resolutions to support and encourage it. This is good. We are indeed very grateful for these words of cheer; but, after all, it is the *actual subscribers we most need.*

When we are notified that a subscriber has failed to receive his monthly due him, we always remail it. We will not, however, send another number of the current month to one who has failed to notify us of a change after the tenth of the month.

The unparalelled success which has attended Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, as a manufacturer of pianos and organs, speaks highly for the superiority of his instruments. In these days of sharp competition and inventive genius, no mediocre productions can attain the celebrity to which his pianos and organs have reached. Send for catalogue of prices. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, Warren County, N. J., U. S. A.

TWO PAPERS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.—The *Informer* is an eight-page monthly paper, published at Elgin, Illinois, at 75 cents per annum. It is devoted to health, temperance, peace, agriculture, etc., each department being in charge of a competent editor. We have an arrangement with the publisher by which we are enabled to offer it *free* for one year to every one who obtains a new subscriber to *our* paper, or if he secures several, he may have it sent to as may other persons as he sends us names for ours. With such an inducement, will not every reader endeavor to secure at least one subscriber for OUR WORK, and receive the *Informer* a year for his trouble? Send all names and money to this office.

RECEIPTS.—We do not send receipts for money received only when a stamp or postal card is inclosed for that purpose. New subscribers will receive their magazine by return mail, which to them will be a sufficient receipt. Old subscribers, who still are in arrears, will find this article marked with a cross. The absence of a mark on this article is proof that the money is received.

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

CYNTHIANA, IND., August 11, 1876.

DEAR BRO. WATSON: I am highly pleased with OUR WORK. It being just the thing we need, its success is certain.

Yours hopefully,
REV. D. M. SHOEMAKER.

INDUSTRY, ILLS., July 17, 1876.

DEAR BROTHER: I am quite well pleased with the merits of OUR WORK. Indeed, it exceeds my expectations.

J. L. TOWNER.

STONE BLUFF, July 17, 1876.

DEAR SIR: I am well pleased with OUR WORK. President Smith's lecture in the first number, and Pardee's sketch of the life of Goldsmith in second number, was worth the price of the whole work.

Yours truly, JOHN S. BOORD.

FROM OUR ENGRAVER.

NEW YORK, July 16, 1876.

DEAR SIR: I must congratulate you on the appearance of OUR WORK. To show my appreciation of it, I hereby order one copy, one year, for myself, and one copy for a year for each of the following persons: (here follow names); and send two other copies for a year where they can do most good. Yours,

JNO. MACDONALD.

SALEM, OHIO, July, 1876.

DEAR BRO. WATSON: OUR WORK is just what we need. It is better than any other college magazine I have seen.

Yours Truly, REV. E. CAMERON.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S ADVERTISING AGENTS 41 PARK ROW, N.Y.

Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING! CLOTHNG!

The Leading Clothing Store in Sullivan

—IS—

SOL. GOODMAN'S,

Who keeps as large a stock as any house in the West, and guarantees Prices as low as any house in Terre Haute, and much lower than any other house in Sullivan. Look around when you want to buy and convince yourself that

SOL. GOODMAN'S

is the best place.

No. 1 North Side.

The Student Trade is highly solicited, and great bargains can be expected.

3-6m

CALL AT THE

OLD BOOT & SHOE HOUSE

—OF—

JAMES BURK'S,

Successor to Trole & Burks, for your

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,

NO. 1 NORTH SIDE OF SQUARE,

Sullivan, Indiana.

I mean to sell Boots and Shoes at the lowest possible price consistent with a living and fair dealing. I manufacture Boots to order on short notice.

All Work Warranted as Represented.

3-6m

BEATTY PIANO!

Grand Square and Upright.

From Jas. F. Regan, firm Regan & Carter, publishers Daily and Weekly Tribune, Jefferson City, Mo., after receiving a $700 instrument, says:

"Piano reached us in good condition. I am well pleased with it. It is all you represent it to be."

From E. R. Baldridge, Bennington Furnace, Pa., after receiving a $700 piano:

"The Beatty received 4th inst., all O. K., and comes fully up to your representation, and exceeds our expectations. While I don't profess to be a judge in the matter, Mrs. B. does, and pronounces it of very sweet tone; and is very much plealed with it."

Best inducements ever offered. Money refunded upon returnd of piano, and freight charges paid by me (Daniel F. Beattey) both ways if unsatisfactory after a test trial of five days. Pianos wurranted for six years. Agents wanted. Send for catalogue. Address,

DANIEL F. BEATTY,

Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

BEATTY'S PARLOR

ORGANS.

ELEGANT STYLES with valuable improvements. New and beautiful stops. OVER ONE THOUSAND Organists and Musicians indorse these organs and recommend them as STRICTLY FIRST CLASS in tone, mcehanism and durability. Warranted for six years.

Most Elegant and Latest Improved.

Having been awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUM in competition with others for

Simplicity, Durability, Promptness,

AND PIANO-LIKE ACTION,

Pure, Sweet, and Even Ballanced Tone. Orchestral Effects, and Instantaneous Access which may be had to the Reeds.

Send for price list. Address,

Daniel F. Beatty,

Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

THE AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA.

INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY STUDENT, TEACHER, MINISTER AND MAN.

A COMPLETE LIBRARY IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES.

Although it has cost the publishers over $300,000 to prepare the material, and has enlisted the labors of the most thorough scholars of our age, it is furnished a a price which every one can reach.

PRICE AND STYLE OF BINDING.

In extra cloth, per vol	$5 00
In Library Leather, per vol	6 00
In half Turkey Morocco, per vol	7 00
In half Russia, extra gilt, per vol	8 00
In full Morocco, antique, gilt edges, per vol	10 00
In full Russia, per vol	10 00

The work is sold only by subscription. Sent express paid, on receipt of price.

Canvassing Agents wanted. Address

D. APPLETON & Co., Publishers,
549 and 551 Broadway, New York.

HOUSES AND LOTS

——IN MEROM——

And Farms Near Merom

FOR SALE OR RENT.

State your wants in this direction and we we will suit you if possible.

Address, REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

Care "OUR WORK." MEROM, INDIANA.

OUR WORK.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Business men will find OUR WORK a valuable advertising medium. Our circulation is already quite large and rapidly increasing. Secure space now while rates are low.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One page, one year	$40 00
One-half page, one year	25 00
One-quarter page, one year	15 00
One square (one inch), one year	5 00

Advertisements for SIX MONTHS *will be inserted at three-fifths of yearly rates; for one month, one fourth of yearly rates.*

Reading Notices fifteen cents a line for a single insertion; six words constitute a line. Inserts at special rates. Address the Publisher.

J. A. Collier,

DENTIST.

Sullivan, Indiana.

Gives particular attention to the preservation of the natural teeth. Artificial teeth made of the best material and warranted. Your patronage is respectfully solicited. Office in Opera Building, opposite courthouse, south side.

RUDDELL BROS.,

Druggists and Photographers,

Dealers in

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, FANCY TOILET ARTICLES,

and every thing usually kept in a first-class City Drug Store. Stationery and Students' Notions a Specialty.

We are also doing fine work in our Photograph Gallery. Full line of Artist's Goods. All work warranted.

P. S.—Only house in town that keeps College Text Books.

CITY DRUG STORE,

One door south of Post-office.

CHEAP PRINTING.

You can get all of the Envelopes you want, with your name and address neatly printed on one corner, cheaper than they can be bought at the stores without name.

VISITING CARDS ONLY ONE-HALF CENT A PIECE.

Programmes, Circulars, Letter Heads, Business Cards, ALL far below usual rates. Address,

OUR WORK,

Merom, Indiana.

The Cheapest
THE BEST
CENTENNIAL PRINTING PRESS
the neatest, simplest, cheapest bed and platen press ever made, screw chase, adjustable gauge, with ink table and roller, only TWO Dollars! A miniature printing office—press, cabinet, two fonts of type, ink, leads, for $5.00! Exchanged at any time for the best press for amateurs ever made. Circular &c. Specimen Book of type, cuts, &c., ten cents. Address YOUNG AMERICA PRESS CO., 53 Murray St., New York.
YOUNG AMERICA,

WANTED — BUSINESS MEN,

To engage in the sale of a Business Book.

PROF. PARSON'S NEW LAW BOOK.

The Personal and Property

RIGHTS

Of a Citizen of the United States;

How to exercise and how to preserve them.

The work is essential to every voter in the Union; to every tax payer and magistrate; to every man who buys, sells, or exchanges property; to every justice of the peace, sheriff, commissioner, or selectman; to every landlord and every tenant; to every notary, clerk, or book-keeper; to every executor, heir at law, or legatee; to every man who receives or pays interest; to every one who has property to take care of, or business to transact, civil duties to perform, or rights to maintain.

Send for Circulars, giving Terms, etc.

S. S SCRANTON & Co., Hartford, Conn.

OUR WORK:

A Monthly Magazine,

PUBLISHED AT

UNION CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,

In the Interests of the Schools of the Christian Church.

An Illustrated Christian Educational for the Family and School.

The Contents speak for themselves; examine them. The best writers of the Church and School have been secured as contributors.

The Engraving is done by John MacDonald, one of New York's best artists. Engraver for Appleton, Scribner, etc.

Subscription Price, $1.50 per annum, in advance. Postage paid by publisher.

The Premium List is most extraordinarily large and complete. It pays agents to work for **Our Work**. List sent free on application.

Show your friends this copy, and induce them to subscribe.

CLUB RATES WITH OTHER PERIODICALS.

OUR WORK and Harper's Monthly ($4.00)	$4 75
" " " Harper's Weekly ($4.00)	4 75
" " " Harper's Bazaar ($4.00)	4 75
" " " Scribner's Monthly ($4.00)	4 75
" " " Appleton's Journal ($4.00)	4 75
" " " Lippincott's Magazine ($4.00), new subscribers	4 00
" " " " old subscribers	4 60
" " " Atlantic Monthly ($4.00)	4 75
" " " Christian Union ($3.20)	4 00
" " " The Interior ($2.50)	3 40
" " " Herald of Gospel Liberty (2.00)	3 00
" " " The Standard ($3.00)	4 00
" " " National Sunday-School Teacher ($1.50)	2 75
" " " The Morning ($1.00)	2 25
" " " Scientific American ($3.20)	4 00
" " " American Journal of Education ($1.60)	2 60
" " " Schermerhorn's Monthly ($2.00)	2 50
" " " Indianapolis School Journal ($1.65)	2 80
" " " Science of Health ($2.00)	3 00
" " " American Agriculturist ($1.60)	2 50
" " " Ladies' Repository ($3.50)	4 40
" " " Peterson's Magazine ($2.10)	3 00
" " " St. Nicholas ($3.00)	4 00
" " " The Household ($1.10)	2 00
" " " Phrenological Journal ($3.00)	3 60
" " " The Galaxy ($4.00)	4 75
" " " Hearth and Home ($2.50)	3 25
" " " International Review ($5.00)	5 25
" " " Littell's Living Age ($8.00)	8 25
" " " Toledo Blade, with map, ($2.15)	3 25
" " " St. Louis Globe-Democrat ($1.50)	2 75
" " " St. Louis Republican ($2.15)	3 00
" " " Weekly Witness ($1.50)	2 50
" " " New York Times ($2.15)	2 75
" " " New York Tribune ($2.00)	2 75
" " " New York Herald ($2.00)	2 75
" " " Indianapolis Journal ($1.50)	2 60
" " " Indianapolis Sentinel ($2.00)	2 75
" " " Detroit Free Press ($2.12)	3 00
" " " Danbury News ($2.20)	3 00
" " " Cincinnati Gazette ($2.00)	2 80
" " " Cincinnati Times, with hand-book ($2.15)	3 00
" " " Cincinnati Enquirer ($2.00)	2 80
" " " Chicago Inter-Ocean ($1.65)	2 50
" " " Nation ($5.00)	5 75
" " " Iowa State Register ($2.00)	3 00

Subscriptions received at this office for any respectable periodical at reduced rates, if clubbed with OUR WORK. Specimen copies of OUR WORK sent for ten cents.

Address,

L. F. WATSON,

Merom, Sullivan County, Indiana.

N. B.—Write your own name and address plainly.